Our Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

Commences Monday, January 25th.

Our inventory, just completed, shows about $25,000 worth of merchandise that must be disposed of before March 1st—and to make it go we have CUT PRICES from 25% to 50%, and on some articles more than that. We mention here a few of the bargains offered, and every one is invited to look them over whether desirous of buying or not.

1 OAK SIDEBOARD, was $160.00, now	$120.00
1 CHINA CLOSET to match, was $110.00, now	$80.00
1 SERVING TABLE to match, was $55.00, now	$40.00
1 SIDEBOARD, was $85.00, now	$67.50
1 SIDEBOARD, was $65.00, now	$49.50
1 SIDEBOARD, was $37.50, now	$30.00
1 SIDEBOARD, was $14.00, now	$10.50
1 3-PIECE WALNUT SUIT, was $125.00, now	$100.00
1 3-PIECE WALNUT SUIT, was $100.00, now	$75.00
1 10 PIECE OAK SUIT, was $200.00, now	$165.00
1 PARLOR SUIT, was $85.00, now	$55.00
1 PARLOR SUIT, was $37.50, now	$31.50
1 HALL RACK, was $45.00, now	$35.00
1 HALL RACK, was $30.00, now	$22.50
1 HALL RACK, was $10.00, now	$6.25
1 CHINA CLOSET, was $60.00, now	$48.00
1 CHINA CLOSET, was $32.50, now	$25.00
1 MAHOGANY DRESSER, was $50.00, now	$37.50
1 MAHOGANY DRESSER, was $32.50, now	$25.00
1 OAK DRESSER, was $30.00, now	$23.00
1 LEATHER ROCKER, was $40.00, now	$30.00
1 MORRIS CHAIR, was $17.50, now	$12.50
9x12 VELVET DRUGGETS, were $16.00, now	$12.50

One Thousand Yards Matting Remnants at 10c, 15c and 20c.

Handsome Jardinier and Pedestal FREE with every purchase of $10 or over.

All goods marked in plain figures. Look for red tags on specials. Every article guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

Jones Bros. & Co., Inc., - 1418-1420 East Main St.

COMRADES. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Doubleday, Page & Company, of New York. $1.50.

The name of Thomas Dixon, Jr., became with the publication of "The Leopard's Spots," a force in American literature. This book was written during the author's residence at Dixondale, Gloucester county, Virginia. Its advent created an immense sensation, kept alive by the later issuance of "The Clansman," "The Traitor," "The One Woman," and "The Life Worth Living." The dramatization of several of these books, notably the three first mentioned, has added immensely to Mr. Dixon's reputation as a writer.

Everything which is now given to the public from his pen assumes an importance not to be ignored, because of the forceful personality behind the pen. "Comrades" is moreover a good example of versatility on Mr. Dixon's part because, in many respects, it differs vitally from each and every book with which his name has been previously associated. It begins in San Francisco, Cal., and ends on the Island of Ventura, off the California coast, where a young enthusiast, son of Governor Worth, of California, attempts to carry out his theories in regard to a socialistic colony, and fails as a matter of course.

The sympathetic relationship between Governor Worth and his son is splendidly drawn, the former being described as a broad-minded man who has looked on many sides of life and gained something from all; the latter, young, enthusiastic, a dreamer of vain dreams, but, like his father, brave and generous.

The father, influenced by his ward, a young girl of great sweetness and purity of character, who begins by being the fiancee of the son, but whose attachment to the father is more than suggested as the book situations develop, secretly assists the younger man in his purchase of Ventura Island, furthers his colonization scheme, and comes to his rescue in the final critical moment of need.

The tragedy of failure in which the socialistic adventures of the junior Worth end are salved for him by his betrothal to a beautiful co-worker, Barbara Bozenta, who elects the renunciation of socialism for the happiness of becoming his wife.

Several incidents involving crucial situations in the book are presented with much dramatic power, and the reader who notes these and the climax with which the conclusion is reached cannot fail to realize that "Comrades," like other of Mr. Dixon's books, will in a few months furnish the foundation for a successful and popular play.

THE DISTRIBUTORS. By Anthony Partridge. The McClure Company, of New York. $1.50.

In spite of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun, there may be some literary phases so ingeniously handled that they seem to be altogether original. Such is the case with "The Distributors," which will attract attention on the ground of the allurement with which its mystery is half hid and half told, with the thrill of its dramatic situations and the resourcefulness with which its characters sustain themselves throughout the story.

The romance centres in an organization called the "Ghosts." Its members, limited in number to less than a dozen, belong to the fashionable high class of English life. The scenes transpire in London and in English country houses, and are presented with great art and effectiveness.

The book altogether is one that will attract all the more attention, because the people who appear in it are, many of them, supposed to be identical with well known personalities in the smart set of the great English metropolis.

MIRAGE. By E. Temple Thurston. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York City. $1.50.

It may add to the interest with which such an admirable book as "Mirage" must naturally be received to state that Mr. Thurston is the husband of Katherine Cecil Thurston, the brilliant author of "The Masquerader," and of "The Fly On the Wheel," a review of which has just appeared in these columns.

The Duc du Guesclin, an impoverished scion of one of the noblest and oldest of the great houses of France, is the hero of the story, an infinitely chivalrous and pathetic figure, pursued relentlessly throughout the book by a most unhappy fate.

The sordid atmosphere of a third-class London lodging house, with its pitiful pretenses at shabby gentility, its curious gossip and its unending railing at environment, first serves as a background for M. du Guesclin's quiet superiority of tone, for his unvarying courtesy of manner and for the reserve which holds him aloof from anything less fine than himself.

Always happiness has fled at his approach as the mirage vanishes in the desert before the eyes of the weary traveler. He has at length learned to reconcile himself to the inevitable, when a sudden change comes. By the death of a friend he falls heir to a small cottage in the south of England, where roses bloom and the perfume of honeysuckle is a fragrant change from the heat and dust of the city. M. du Guesclin thankfully settles himself with a faithful manservant, courtot, in this new home. For a time it almost seems as if fate had relented. Love, returning youth and hope, cheat the exile's heart into believing in a future, after all the grief and pain of the past. Then hey, presto, one fine day, the house of cards tumbles into ruins, and M. du Guesclin is back in his old London quarters again!

But one feels the better for having known, even in a book, a character that is unassailable, and that holds fast in its ideals through poverty, advancing old age and sharp incongeniality of surroundings. The lesson taught is one which humanity needs to lay to heart.

BUDGE AND TODDIE, HELEN'S BABIES AT PLAY. By John Habberton. Grosset and Dunlap, of New York. $1.00.

This book is an account of the further doings of the two precocious children who proved so entertaining to the American public some years ago. It is a story of incessant fun and the artist, Todd Dwiggins, has been a true interpreter of the author's genius for fun-making.

In this sequel to "Helen's Babies," Aunt Alice and Uncle Harry take upon themselves the temporary care of the boys, Budge and Toddie. Aunt Alice, an earnest apostle of order, cleanliness and self-restraint, undertakes to teach the boys something of the inner significance of things. She blunders woefully, and the record of her experiences and training, admonishing, controlling and disciplining these incorrigible youngsters makes an abler and more amusing story than "Helen's Babies" of famous memory.

They get into more than the usual escapades that two lively, healthy and good natured boys are liable to fall into, and the story emphasizes the futility of relatives undertaking the management of other people's children. Tom, the father, explains to the aunt that the only way to bring up children is "to live for the children instead of for one's self"—and he is pretty nearly right.

It is expected that the new volume will be received with the same favor that was accorded to the earlier edition, which, in its day, created a literary furor.

TALES OF LAUGHTER. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. The McClure Co., of New York. $1.50.

A perfect mine of delight for children. A volume in which all the stories that have been told to children for generations back, that have dropped out of mind and been forgotten; stories with a moral and stories without, pathetic stories, funny stories, fairy stories and stories that in their entirety embody much of the world's wisdom and not a little of its philosophy, may here be found in charming form.

The editors have been benefactors to the world in the publication of their book, which all children should read for their entertainment and instruction.

Southern Stories.

From the Broadway Publishing Company, of New York, has been received "Irene Lipscomb," $1.50, by Mary E. Lamb; "Marion," $1.00, by Florence Taylor Haselden, and "Tales of Enchantment," $1.25, by "Myth."

"Irene Lipscomb" is called a tale of the old South by its author. An interrupted wedding at the beginning of the book does not take place until its ending. "The Old South," as the scene of romances and a setting for stories of all kinds, has served the purposes of many latter-day novelists. It has served Mrs. Lamb as a background in the present instance, but the narration and incidents of the story do not commend themselves as realistic to those who have a more intimate association with what constituted social and political life in "the old South"

The romance of "Marion" hinges on the restoration of a lost grandchild to her grandfather and her subsequent choice between two lovers. "Tales of Enchantment," six in number, appear under the respective captions of "Wild Roses," "Embodiment of Fragrancy," "Allotted for Each Other," "The Way to Wings," "Nature to the Rescue" and "My Dog Schneider."

Some Magazines.

In the January Craftsman, Robert Henri makes a suggestion for a new art school and demonstrates that progress in our national art must spring from the development of individuality of ideas and freedom of expression. America's need of industrial education is shown in an article written by M. Irwin Macdonald. Charles Harcourt advocates reform for the truant boy in industrial training and farming and writes interestingly on the subject of an effort in this way to improve existing laws and lessen the evil of truancy. Short stories appear over the signatures of George Middleton and Frederick R Burton.

The February Delineator opens with a clever description of the pretty gowns and smart wraps seen on the avenue and in fashionable restaurants during "tea hour," in New York City. The article is much enhanced by Carl Kleinschmidt's drawings. An effective cure for the dullness of February days is suggested by Helen Berkeley-Lloyd, who recommends the making up of hand-wrought things for summer. Ida H. Harper exploits the value of woman's broom in municipal housekeeping, and other articles, on many subjects of interest to women, fill out the magazine issue. Short story writers for the month are Virginia Frazer Boyle, William A. Johnston and Clinton Dangerfield.

"Hunting Ahead of Roosevelt in East Africa," a lavishly illustrated leader by Captain Fritz Duquesne, is featured in the February Hampton's, which has a picture of Lincoln on the cover and a chronicle of the last days of Lincoln and Booth, by Clara E. Laughlin. A charming little romance, "The Vanishing Valentine," over the signature of Mary Mullett, will entertain readers most agreeably. So will a short story, "Il Conte," from the pen of Joseph Conrad, with G. W. Peters as illustrator. Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., has done an excellent piece of work in his story of Kentucky's tobacco war, under the caption of "They That Ride by Night."

Frederic Arnold Kummer writes the complete novel of the February Smart Set, stories and verse otherwise being contributed by Anne Warner, James L. Ford, Helen A. Saxon, Morgan Robertson, John K. Bangs, Thomas G. Springer and Beatrice Demarest Lloyd.

The special features of the American Review of Reviews for January are character sketches of Elihu Root, by Walter Wellman and of Gifford Pinchot, by Hewitt Thomas; a very timely paper on "The Need of Postal Savings Banks," by Postmaster-General Meyer; an authoritative survey of the petroleum resources of the United States, by Dr. David T. Day, of the United States Geological Survey, and articles on "State Control of Water-Power," by Curtis E. Lakeman, and "Power from the Farm Brook," by Donald Cameron Shafer. On the subject of tariff revision, in addition to editorial comment, there is a letter from Representative Tawney, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, together with a discussion of "The Tariff: Its Revisers, and the Trusts," by Herbert E. Miles, of the National Manufacturers' Association, and an exposition of the Canadian view of our tariff-making, by Andrew Macphail. Two important sociological articles are Agnes C. Laut's account of the emigration movement from England to Canada, conducted under the auspices of the Salvation Army, and Mr. Paul U. Kellogg's story of what is known as the Pittsburg Survey, an important campaign for civic betterment, which is likely to be introduced in many of its features in other American cities.

LIFE OF A PIMPLE

Complexions Are Cleared and Pimples Disappear Overnight Without Trouble.

The dispensers of poslam, a new skin discovery, ask that notice be given that no one is urged to purchase it without first obtaining an experimental package. Those who have tried it will find that the 50 cent box, on sale at Tragle's and all drug stores, is sufficient to cure the worst cases of eczema, where the surface affected is not too large. The itching ceases on first application. It will also cure acne, tetter, blotches, scaly scalp, hives, barber's and every other form of itch, including itching feet. Being flesh-colored and containing no grease, the presence of poslam on exposed surfaces, such as the face and hands, is not preceptible. Water and soap cannot be used in connection with it, as these irritate and prolong skin troubles, sometimes even causing them.

As to the experimental package of poslam, it can be had free of charge by mail of the Emergency Laboratories, 32 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York. It alone is sufficient to clear the complexion overnight, and to rid the face of pimples in twenty-four hours.

to the occasion. In social ease and elegance, at this time, he far excelled George Washington.

"Major Washington! Major Washington!" he plead with reassuring suavity, "sit down. Your modesty alone is equal to your merit!" We don't say things like that now, do we?

To return to Robert Dinwiddie, he came of a line of stout-hearted Scotchmen. Alleyn Dinwithie was the progenitor of the family. His name appears on the "Ragman's Roll," which is a list of the barons or men of note who subscribed submission to Edward I. in 1296, when he invaded Scotland and took away its historical records and its coronation stone. The latter is still preserved in London, as we know. An ancestor, Thomas, chief of the clan, was slain in Dinwiddie Tower in 1503 by the Jardines, and in like manner was the Laird of Dinwiddie killed in the streets of Edinburg in 1512. The Laird of Dunwoody gave allegiance to England in 1544.

Robert Dinwiddie, the Governor of Virginia, was born in Glasgow. His father, a Robert, too, was a merchant, but brought into the counting house the same spirit which had made the clan famous and dangerous. His mother was the daughter of Matthew Cumming, Baillie of Glasgow in 1691, 1696 and 1699, and owner of the lands of Carderoc.

Robert Dinwiddie had been inspector-general of Barbadoes, and exposed to the government a tremendous defalcation in the revenues there. He came to Virginia not only as Governor, but investigator, and, of course, made himself somewhat unpopular by disapproving of several things which the popular Gooch had countenanced.

He arrived in the colony in November, 1751. With him came his wife and two daughters—Elizabeth and Rebecca. There is a picture of these ladies by "Allan Ramsay," a beautiful work of art, depicting in a charming way, their attractions. There is, also, a picture of the Governor, of a firm and honest countenance.

The Dinwiddies arrived in the colony on November the 20th. They landed at Yorktown—not, indeed, then the shabby village which we see to-day—but a beautiful hamlet of pretty houses and gardens, in which houses lived the gentry of Virginia—the Nicolsons, Andersons, Griffins, Nelsons, Shields, Whitings and others.

William Nelson, Secretary Nelson and Colonel Fairfax met the new Governor and accompanied him to Williamsburg, where he was cordially greeted by Commissary Blair, Mr. John Blair and Colonel Ludwell. We can see them now in their short clothes, long coats and silk stockings, bowing the new Governor into the capital. Just as he entered the town, he "was complimented by the Mayor and Aldermen, who invited him and the Council to a dinner at Wetherburn's." Wetherburn kept a tavern, and his punch was very famous. When the Governor reached the palace, Mr. Dinwiddie produced his commission and made a very handsome speech, and afterward Mr. Fairfax, Mr. Nelson and Mr. John Blair administered the oath, after which the members of the Council present, according to instruction, took the oaths again, and Mr. Walthoe took the oath of office. We who dive much in Virginia history feel most intimate with Nicholas Walthoe. He was a bachelor, attractive and eccentric, and a good friend of William Byrd. He, like Tom Moore, loved a lord, and he gave Mr. Byrd a portrait of himself, with the request that it be hung in the midst of the other distinguished personages who were also friends of the charming William. Many of us know the portrait with the nat which still hangs at Lower Brandon—it is Nicholas Walthoe.

While Robert Dinwiddie proceeded to Williamsburg with the Nelsons and Colonel Fairfax, Mrs. Dinwiddie and the young ladies remained at Yorktown, perhaps in the Nelson house, now standing, or at the home of Secretary Nelson, far handsomer than the old house we all know so well. It was destroyed in the bombardment during the Revolution. On the 22d Governor Dinwiddie went back to York in the morning and returned in the evening with his wife and daughters. Perhaps the palace was not quite ready for them, as they "spent that night at the attorney's" (Mr. Peyton Randolph).

This picture of the arrival of Dinwiddie which old chroniclers give is very fascinating. The ship glides from the Chesapeake into the York, and when her sails are sighted, no doubt the dignitaries of the place go shoreward, expecting the Governor. The ship skims nearer; signals are interchanged; the word flies through the town; old and young, high and low, rush forth, for the new Governor, Robert Dinwiddie, is come. He drives up the bluff, no doubt, in somebody's chariot; stops by the custom house, perhaps; takes a glass of something at the secretary's; and then enters the chariot again and bowls over the level road through a wood rich with November red and gold to Williamsburg. There other dignitaries, the mayor and some of the council, gravely salute him. The whole thing has the stately, picturesque motion of an old minuet.

The Dinwiddies were people of high morals and good taste. Some of the silver used by them in the palace was purchased in 1757 by Col. Wilson Cary, of Ceeleys, and it is still owned by Wilson Miles Cary, of Baltimore. It has the Dinwiddie and Cummings arms impaled.

An argument often used to prove certain ancestry is the possession of silver with certain arms. This argument is fallacious. A curious habit of Virginians, after the law of primogeniture was broken, was the sale of personal effects for division, and silver, furniture and, alas! sometimes portraits thus changed hands. Curiously enough, the purchaser frequently did not take the trouble to erase the name or the arms. At a very old mansion in Gloucester county silver is daily use still bears the name of the person from whom it was purchased many, many years ago. Antique shops constantly exhibit fine but unknown portraits.

Robert Dinwiddie was born at Germiston, Scotland, an estate purchased by his father in 1690, and died at Bath, whither he had gone for his health in 1770. He was interred with pomp and circumstance, and his funeral expenses cost forty-seven pounds four shillings and fourpence. He was buried in a lead coffin, in a superfine shroud. Everybody, from the "clark" to the sexton, wore black gloves and hat bands, which the family furnished, and several were presented with black "clokes." The mules which drew the hearse were decorated for the occasion, and the hearse and horses were covered with a black velvet pall and a "compleat set of feathers."

Robert Dinwiddie married Rebecca Affleck, and had the two daughters who accompanied him to Virginia.

Elizabeth never married, and died at the age of thirty-five. The epitaph upon her tomb is full and complimentary, and is erected by her sister Rebecca, who married Archibald Hamilton, of the Isle of Man. Whether or not this Archibald was of the family of George Hamilton, (Earl of Orkney), for forty years governor-in-chief of the colony of Virginia, or of that of Sir William Hamilton, husband of the exquisite Lady Emma, so famous in picture and story, we cannot say. Nor do we know the children of Rebecca Dinwiddie and Archibald Hamilton. The next of kin in Virginia of Robert Dinwiddie come from his brother John, who came to Virginia about the same time. He was a prosperous merchant on the Rappahannock, where so many Scotchmen made fortunes, and he married Sempha Rosa Enfield Mason, granddaughter of Colonel George Mason, member of Parliament in the time of the first Charles, and great-granddaughter of Colonel Gerard Fowke, gentleman of the bedchamber to the same monarch. Apparently he chose his wife well. Gunston Hall, the Mason homestead, got its name from the residence of the Fowkes, in Staffordshire, England.

Mason and Fowke, both colonels in the Royalist Army, came to Virginia in 1650—the first became a merchant and made a fortune; the second was a wealthy planter.

John Dinwiddie and Sempha Rosa Enfield Mason had Elizabeth (2), who married her cousin, Gerard Fowke, great-grandson of the emigrant; and Jane (2), who married William Waite, of Staffordshire, England.

Gerard Fowke and Elizabeth (2) Dinwiddie had William (3), who married a Miss Bronough; Chandler (3), married a Miss Frazier, of South Carolina; Robert (3), married Miss Peachey; Elizabeth (3), married Col. William Phillips, of the Revolutionary army and high sheriff of Stafford county; Sarah (3), married Wiley Roy; Enfield (3), married Gabriel Johnston, of Kentucky, ancestor of James D. Johnston, of the Confederate navy; and Mary (3), married Slaughter.

Colonel William and Elizabeth (3) Fowke Phillips had Enfield (4), married Lewis Ficklen, of Fauquier county; Burdett (4), married ——— Jones, and was ancestor of Hon. Jefferson Jones, of Galveston, Texas; Lucy (4), married J. L. Faut, of Fauquier county; William (4), (thirty years clerk of Fauquier county) married Edith Harrison Ashmore Cannon.

Lewis and Enfield (4) Ficklen had William Phillips (5) and Gustavus (5).

Colonel William (4) and Edith H. A. Phillips had Laura (5), married William B. Carr, of Loudoun county; Dr. Dinwiddie (5) Brazier, surgeon of the Merrimac, married Natalie Walden, of Rappahannock county; Virginia Edith (5), married Dr. B. J. Hellen; and Roberta (5).

Sarah (3) Fowke and her husband, Wiley Roy, had Wiley (4), who married Miss Camm; Richard (4), who married Miss Beverley; Lucy (4), who married Col. Enoch Mason, of Stafford county, who had ten children, viz.: Jack (5), married Eliza Roy; Enoch (5), married Eliza Mason, of Maryland; Roy (5), married Susan Smith, of Alexandria; Mary (5), married William Peyton, of Stafford; Alexander (5), married Jane Smith, of Alexandria; Sarah (5), married William Barber, of Stafford; Seddon (5), married Virginia Hooe; Gerard (5), married Isabella Stephenson, sister of Governor F. W. M. Holladay; Wellford (5), married Miss Sydnor, of Delaware; Charles (5), married, first, Anna Braxton, and secondly, Maria Randolph, granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson.

Mary (1) Dinwiddie, sister to Robert Dinwiddie, the Governor, married Andrew Stuart and came to Pennsylvania, where they resided for years. They lie in the Paxtrug churchyard at Harrisburg, Pa. Their children, James and Charles, removed to Virginia.

Andrew Stuart was brother to Archibald Stuart, of Staunton, who has many descendants in Virginia.

Thus we see that there are in Virginia now many collateral descendants of Robert Dinwiddie through his brother John, people of worth and distinction, who revert with pride to their kinsman, the Governor, who was lifted to his high estate as the reward of his honesty and fearlessness in discharging previous duties. The library of William and Mary once contained many volumes presented by him, which contained his imposing book-plate.

He presented a very elaborate and beautiful mace to the city of Norfolk, which was exhibited at the exposition of 1907. It is of silver, in six sections, which, when screwed together, makes its length forty-three inches. The bowl bears in panels the arms of Great Britain, and around the base is the inscription, "The gift of Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, to the corporation of Norfolk, 1753." On occasions of great State and ceremony this beautiful and unusual mace is carried around the streets of Norfolk.

References for genealogy Dinwiddie papers, Vol. I., pages xvi.—xxvii.

Concerning Westover.

There seems to be no doubt that Westover was burned twice. John Spencer Bassett examined every available original source when he wrote his charming and invaluable volume, "The Writings of Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, in Virginia, Esqr." On page lxxxi. he affirms that Westover was twice burned. Mr. William G. Stanard, Secretary of Virginia Historical Society, an authority on William Byrd, as well as upon all other Virginia matters, believes this to be true. We Virginians have been brought up on this fact, and remember with pleasure the touching story told by that splendid and delightful chatelaine, Mrs. Louise Carter, of Shirley (affectionately called by high and low, rich and poor, "Miss Lou"), as well as by others who received it orally from generation to generation.

This is the story: When the house burned, during the lifetime of the third William, his brother-in-law was asleep in one of the rooms. He was not up to the standard of the first and second William, yet during this fire he showed great heroism in rescuing this young brother of his first wife, Elizabeth Carter. The child was asleep, and he rushed through the flames to save him, and accomplished his noble purpose.

Nobody knows when Westover was built. Mr. Bassett thinks that it was probably built soon after the second William returned from England after the death of his father.

In 1706 he married Lucy Parke, and being of ample means then, it would seem most natural for him to build, according to his beautiful taste, soon after or before his marriage.

On what grounds the idea that it was built in 1737 obtained we do not know, but it seems untenable, for in 1735 Byrd had a plat of the grounds showing the largest buildings. The grounds would scarcely have been made and beautified before the house was built. Besides, in 1737 Byrd was terribly embarrassed financially. Moreover, in 1736 he was anxious to sell Westover on account of his debts. (See letters to Pickford and to Captain Parke, December, 1735, and February, 1736.)

All this is merely guesswork, based on probability, for exactly when the house was built nobody knows. The walls of Westover were never destroyed. They stand as the always did, and no doubt all charred and destroyed portions of the building were faithfully reproduced, as was the case with Cleve, William and Mary College and other Virginia houses.

The reproduction of coat armor is not our strong point. In the paper of January 10th, instead of the stars, there should be martlets. The cross flory is between four martlets.

We should also like to say that we never print anything without thorough investigation and consultation with the best genealogist.

Sometimes convincing proof of error is given us. Then we gladly make correction. Our purpose is not to air a pet idea, but to write good genealogy, the appreciation of which by the public gives us great pleasure.

1-24-09 (1)

The Times Dispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

Dinwiddie Arms.

These arms are so elaborate that it is impossible to reproduce them. They are: "Per Fesse in chief, or, a landscape, trees, etc.; thereon an archer shooting with a bow and arrow at a stag passant, regardant all ppr.; in base or, on the dexter, a castle and flag and on the sinister rocks between them the sea; on it a ship sailing with one mast all ppr. Crest: An eagle with wings indorsed, inverted and holding in the dexter claw a Guinea pig. Motto: Ubi libertas ibi patria."

Dinwiddie county, which rejoices in the possession of the historic city of Petersburg, received its name, as we all know, from that most honorable gentleman who was Governor of Virginia from 1751 to 1758, Robert Dinwiddie by name. He was a sturdy Scotchman and a political "ferret." Where there was crime and abuse of public trust he generally found it and corrected it.

It may be said of Robert Dinwiddie that he discovered Washington, for when the French had made treaties with the Indian tribes of the West, and were busy building forts along the Ohio, he made up his mind to remonstrate with them and to endeavor to arrest these encroachments.

This particular business needed an extraordinary man. It was dangerous and difficult, but there is always a man for the hour, and in the perplexity of the decision Robert Dinwiddie saw George Washington.

It was the opportunity which our first gentleman embraced. His fortune was made. There is a pretty story of Washington at this time, which, we hope, everybody does not know. He was in Williamsburg, and the colony was full of the account of the masterly way in which he had carried out Dinwiddie's suggestion. One day he strolled into the House of Burgesses and took his seat in the gallery. John Robinson was Speaker, one of the most elegant gentlemen of colonial times.

He saw the unmistakable figure enter and sit down, modest, unobtrusive, and immediately he referred to the important trust so well executed by young Washington, and proposed that the thanks of the house be given him. In one second the grateful house was on its feet, saluting with stately courtesy the clever young officer.

Washington arose, speechless with embarrassment. He knew that every law of etiquette demanded a reply, but his voice stuck in his throat. He who minded an Indian no more than a mouse was dumb with fright.

"Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker!" he stammered at least, and then could go no further.

John Robinson, however, was equal

IN THE LONG RUN

Coffee damages the nerves.

POSTUM

repairs them.

"There's a Reason."